

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Oth. I tell thee shee is, therefore make her grave straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unlesse he drown'd her selfe in her own defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the point, if I drowne my selfe wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; shee drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay but heare you goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he nill he; he goes, marke you that: but if the water come to him and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe; argall hee that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners queft law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth and't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman she should have bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more than their even Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that ever bore armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest mee not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou doest ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the Church, argall the gallows may doe well to thee. To't againe, come.

Oth. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow.

Prince of Denmark

Clow. I, tell me that and uny

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Oth. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more to mend his pace with bearing

next: say a grave-maker, the how

Goe get thee in, and fetch me a

In youth when I did love did lo

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a m

O me thought there a was no

Enter Hamlet

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of grave-making.

Hor. Custome hath made it i

Ha. 'Tis een so, the hand of li

Clow. But age with his stealin

hath clawed me in h

And hath shipped me i

as if I had never bin s

Ham. That skull had a tongue

knave jowles it to the ground,

did the first murther: this might

this asse now ore-reaches, one t

it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, wh

Lord, how doest thou sweet Lo

a one, that praised my Lord s

beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now my

about the mazer with a Sextens

we had the trick to see't, did t

ding but to play at loggits with

Clow. A pickax and a spade a

for and a shrowding